

A heauie Summons lyes like Lead vpon me,  
And yet I would not sleepe:  
Mercifull Powers, reſtraine in me the curſed thoughts  
That Nature giues way to in reſpoſe.

*Enter Macbeth, and a Seruant with a Torch.*

Giue me my Sword: who's there?

*Macb.* A Friend.

*Banq.* What Sir, not yet at reſt? the King's a bed.

He hath bene in vnſuall Pleaſure,  
And ſent forth great Largeſſe to your Offices.  
This Diamond he greetes your Wife withall,  
By the name of moſt kind Hoſteſſe,  
And ſhut vp in meaſureleſſe content.

*Mac.* Being vnprepar'd,  
Our will became the ſeruant to deſect,  
Which elſe ſhould free haue wrought.

*Banq.* All's well.

I dreamt laſt Night of the three weyward Siſters:  
To you they haue ſhew'd ſome truth.

*Macb.* I thinke not of them:

Yet when we can entreat an houre to ſerue,  
We would ſpend it in ſome words vpon that Buſineſſe,  
If you would graunt the time.

*Banq.* At your kind'ſt leiſure.

*Macb.* If you ſhall cleaue to my conſent,  
When 'tis, it ſhall make Honor for you.

*Banq.* So I loſe none,

In ſeeking to augment it, but ſtill keepe  
My Boſome franchiſ'd, and Allegiance cleare,  
I ſhall be counſail'd.

*Macb.* Good reſpoſe the while.

*Banq.* Thanks Sir: the like to you. *Exit Banquo.*

*Macb.* Goe bid thy Miſtreſſe, when my drinke is ready,  
She ſtrike vpon the Bell. Get thee to bed. *Exit.*

Is this a Dagger, which I ſee before me,  
The Handle toward my Hand? Come, let me clutch thee:  
I haue thee not, and yet I ſee thee ſtill.

Art thou not fatall Viſion, ſenſible  
To feeling, as to ſight? or art thou but  
A Dagger of the Minde, a falſe Creation,  
Proceeding from the heat-oppreſſed Braine?  
I ſee thee yet, in forme as palpable,  
As this which now I draw.

Thou marſhall'ſt me the way that I was going,  
And ſuch an Inſtrument I was to vſe.  
Mine Eyes are made the ſooles o'th' other Senſes,  
Or elſe worth all the reſt: I ſee thee ſtill;  
And on thy Blade, and Dudgeon, Gouts of Blood,  
Which was not ſo before. There's no ſuch thing:

It is the bloody Buſineſſe, which informes  
Thus to mine Eyes. Now o're the one halfe World  
Nature ſeemes dead, and wicked Dreames abuſe  
The Curtain'd ſleepe: Witchcraft celebrates  
Pale Hecats Offrings: and wither'd Murder,  
Alarm'd by his Centinell, the Wolfe,

Whoſe howle's his Watch, thus with his ſtealthy pace,  
With Tarquins raniſhing ſides, towards his deſigne  
Moues like a Ghoſt. Thou ſowre and firme-ſet Earth  
Heare not my ſteps, which they may walke, for feare  
Thy very ſtones prate of my where-about,  
And take the preſent horror from the time,  
Which now lutes with it. Whiles I threat, he liues:  
Words to the heart of deedes too cold breath giues.

*A Bell rings.*

I goe, and it is done: the Bell inuites me.  
Heare it not, *Duncan*, for it is a Knell,  
That ſummons thee to Heauen, or to Hell. *Exit.*

### Scena Secunda.

*Enter Lady.*

*La.* That which hath made the drunk, hath made me bold:  
What hath quench'd them, hath giuen me fire.  
Hearke, peace: it was the Owle that ſtrick'd,  
The fatall Bell-man, which giues the ſtern'ſt good-night,  
He is about it, the Doores are open:  
And the ſurſeted Groomes doe mock their charge  
With Snores. I haue drugg'd their Poſſets,  
That Death and Nature doe contend about them,  
Whether they liue, or dye.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Who's there? what hoa?

*Lady.* Alack, I am afraid they haue awak'd,  
And 'tis not done: th' attempt, and not the deed,  
Confoundes vs: hearke: I lay'd their Daggers ready,  
He could not miſſe 'em. Had he not reſembled  
My Father as he ſlept, I had don't,  
My Husband?

*Macb.* I haue done the deed:  
Didſt thou not heare a noiſe?

*Lady.* I heard the Owle ſchreame, and the Crickets cry.

Did not you ſpeake?

*Macb.* When?

*Lady.* Now.

*Macb.* As I deſcended?

*Lady.* I.

*Macb.* Hearke, who lyes i'th' ſecond Chamber?

*Lady.* *Donalbaine.*

*Macb.* This is a ſorry ſight.

*Lady.* A fooliſh thought, to ſay a ſorry ſight.

*Macb.* There's one did laugh in's ſleepe,  
And one cry'd Murder, that they did wake each other:  
I flood, and heard them: But they did ſay their Prayers,  
And addreſt them againe to ſleepe.

*Lady.* There are two lodg'd together.

*Macb.* One cry'd God bleſſe vs, and Amen the other,  
As they had ſcene me with theſe Hangmans hands:  
Liſtning their feare, I could not ſay Amen,  
When they did ſay God bleſſe vs.

*Lady.* Conſider it not ſo deeply.

*Macb.* But wherefore could not I pronounce Amen?  
I had moſt need of Bleſſing, and Amen ſtuck in my throat.  
*Lady.* Theſe deeds muſt not be thought  
After theſe wayes: ſo, it will make vs mad.

*Macb.* Me thought I heard a voyce cry, Sleep no more:  
*Macbeth* does murder Sleepe, the innocent Sleepe,  
Sleepe that knits vp the rauen'd Sleeue of Care,  
The death of each dayes Life, ſore Labors Bath,  
Balme of hurt Mindes, great Nature's ſecond Courſe,  
Chiefe nourisher in Life's Feaſt.

*Lady.* What doe you meane?

*Macb.* Still it cry'd, Sleepe no more to all the Houle:  
*Glamis* hath murder'd Sleepe, and therefore *Cawdor*  
Shall ſleepe no more: *Macbeth* ſhall ſleepe no more.

*Lady.* Who was it, that thus cry'd? why worthy *Thane*,  
You doe vnbend your Noble ſtrength, to thinke  
So braine-ſickly of things: Goe get ſome Water, And

*Enter Macbeth.*

And waſh this filthie Witneſſe from your Hand,  
Why did you bring theſe Daggers from the place?  
They muſt lye there: goe carry them, and ſmeare  
The ſleepeie Groomes with blood.

*Macb.* Ile goe no more:  
I am afraid, to thinke what I haue done:  
Looke on't againe, I dare not.

*Lady.* Inſirme of purpoſe:  
Giue me the Daggers: the ſleepeie, and the dead,  
Are but as Pictures: 'tis the Eye of Child-hood,  
That feares a painted Deuill. If he doe bleed,  
Ile guild the Faces of the Groomes withall,  
For it muſt ſeeme their Guilt. *Exit.*

*Knocke within.*

*Macb.* Whence is that knocking?  
How is't with me, when euery noiſe appalls me?  
What Hands are here? hah: they pluck out mine Eyes.  
Will all great *Neptunes* Ocean waſh this blood  
Cleane from my Hand? no: this my Hand will rather  
The multitudinous Seas incarnardine,  
Making the Greene one, Red.

*Enter Lady.*

*Lady.* My Hands are of your colour: but I ſhame  
To weare a Heart ſo white. *Knocke.*

I heare a knocking at the South entry:

Reſyre we to our Chamber:

A little Water cleares vs of this deed.

How eaſie is it then? your Conſtancie

Hath left you vnattended. *Knocke.*

Hearke, more knocking.

Get on your Night-Gowne, leaſt occaſion call vs,

And ſhew vs to be Watchers: be not loſt

So poorly in your thoughts.

*Macb.* To know my deed, *Knocke.*

'Twere beſt not know my ſelfe.

Wake *Duncan* with thy knocking:

I would thou could'ſt. *Exeunt.*

### Scena Tertia.

*Enter a Porter.*

*Knocking within.*

*Porter.* Here's a knocking indeede: if a man were  
Porter of Hell Gate, hee ſhould haue old turning the  
Key. *Knock.* *Knock.* *Knock.* Who's there

i'th' name of *Belzebub*? Here's a Farmer, that hang'd  
himſelfe on th' expectation of Plentie: Come in time, haue  
Napkins enow about you, here you'll ſweat for't. *Knock.*

*Knock, knock.* Who's there in th' other Deuils Name?  
Faith here's an Equiuocator, that could ſweare in both  
the Scales againſt eyther Scale, who committed Treafon  
enough for Gods ſake, yet could not equiuocate to Hea-

uen: oh come in, Equiuocator. *Knock.* *Knock.*  
*Knock, knock.* Who's there? Faith here's an Engliſh  
Taylor come hither, for ſtealing out of a French Hoſe:

Come in Taylor, here you may roſt your Goole. *Knock.*  
*Knock, knock.* Neuer at quiet: What are you? but this  
place is too cold for Hell. Ile Deuill-Porter it no further:  
I had thought to haue let in ſome of all Professions, that  
goe the Primroſe way to th' euerlaſting Bonfire. *Knock.*

Anon, anon, I pray you remember the Porter.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Was it ſo late,  
That you doe lye ſo late?

*Port.* Faith Sir, we were  
And Drinke, Sir, is a gre

*Macb.* What three  
prouoke?

*Port.* Marry, Sir, No  
Lecherie, Sir, it prouoke

the deſire, but it takes aw  
much Drinke may be fai

cherie: it makes him, an  
and it takes him off; it

him; makes him ſtand to  
ſion, equiuocates him in

leaves him.

*Macb.* I beleue, Drin

*Port.* That it did, Sir,  
requited him for his Lye

for him, though he took  
made a Shift to caſt him.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* Is thy Maſter

Our knocking ha's awak'd

*Lenox.* Good morrow

*Macb.* Good morrow

*Macb.* Is the King ſt

*Macb.* Not yet.

*Macb.* He did comm

I haue almoſt ſlipt the h

*Macb.* Ile bring you

*Macb.* I know this

But yet 'tis one.

*Macb.* The labour w

This is the Doore.

*Macb.* Ile make ſo

ſeruiſe.

*Lenox.* Goes the King

*Macb.* He does: he

*Lenox.* The Night ha

Where we lay, our Chin

And (as they ſay) lamen

Strange Schreemes of L

And Propheeying, with

Of dyre Combution, ar

New hatch'd toth' wofu

The obſcure Bird clamor

Some ſay, the Earth was

And did ſhake.

*Macb.* 'Twas a roug

*Lenox.* My young ro

A fellow to it.

*Enter Macbeth.*

*Macb.* O horror, he

Tongue nor Heart cann

*Macb.* and *Lenox.* W

*Macb.* Confuſion no

Moſt ſacrilegious Mur

The Lords anoynted T

The Life o'th' Building

*Macb.* What is't y

*Lenox.* Meane you l

*Macb.* Approch the

With a new Gorgon. D